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W. R. HEARST.

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NEW YORK'S
SALT
SPRINGS.

Though little—almost nothing, indeed—has been heard of it so far during the present session, one of the most important questions that will come before the Legislature in the disposition to be made of the State's salt springs.

The fee of this property is owned by the people, who prior to 1836 received from it a profit averaging \$100,000 net per annum. Since that year the balance has been on the other side of the ledger, the deficit up to 1895 averaging nearly \$19,000 per year. For many years the salt springs were controlled by the Syracuse Salt Company, and this corporation all through the term of its control divided in profits every year more than 200 per cent of its capital. In 1891 the salt manufacturers for the second time tried to amend the State Constitution so as to permit sale of the wells to themselves, but the amendment was defeated by popular vote the following year.

They were more successful, however, in 1894, when they procured omission of the clause guaranteeing perpetual proprietorship of the wells to the people from the Constitution adopted in that year. At the next session of the Legislature the superintendent of the reservation declared that he was "authorized by a responsible party to offer a rental of \$1,000 a year" for the wells. Aside from the fact that the wells, if operated seven months in the year, produce 15,000,000 bushels of salt, equal to 8,000,000 barrels, and sufficient to load 28,000 freight cars with fifteen tons each, which would pay the State \$150,000 a year, fully \$100,000 of which would be profit; aside from the other fact that from 1885 to 1895 these same manufacturers paid to the State \$456,624.60, a sum more than forty-five times greater than the annual rental they now offer, it is well known not only that the value of the Onondaga salt springs has not in the least deteriorated, but that they are capable of producing more than double the product of past years. Such being the case, the question arises, How is it that there has been a deficit since 1886?

The answer is that there has been wicked extravagance in the management of the property, extravagance which has a remarkably evil look, considering the interest the salt manufacturers have in disgusting the people with public ownership. If the manufacturers had controlled the Legislature it could not better have served their interest than it did in 1896, when it appropriated \$32,000 for the maintenance of the springs for the year in spite of the facts that the superintendent had asked for only \$67,800 and that the appropriation was nearly \$18,000 in excess of the average yearly expenditure for the ten years ending in 1895.

This important matter should receive careful attention from the Legislature, which ought not to adjourn without stopping the waste of public money on the salt springs.

THE PACIFIC
RAILWAY
PROBLEM.

An excellent suggestion was made by Stuyvesant Fish, president of the Illinois Central Road, in his hearing before the House Committee on the Pacific railway complication. The proposition, as a settlement of the question of indebtedness and future disposition, seems to be lucid, radical, yet just to all parties concerned. Mr. Fish suggests foreclosure by the Government on the Union and Central Pacific at the same time, and asks that they be made a combination highway for the use of other roads connected with them. All these roads would have equal rights of transit. The common highway would be owned by the United States, and to accomplish this the Government would need pay off the first lien to give effect to its own. Mr. Fish advocates Government ownership specially on the ground that in no other way could the purpose of the original act be so fully met; i. e., equality of privilege extended to all competing lines which might desire the privilege of the great highway.

Whether or not this plan would in the end make the most money for the Government is not fully clear. But it is not a simple question of money making. The true core of the question lies in the maximum benefit to be gained for the transportation interests of the nation. As between railroads, the equity of the plan would be desirable. It would put the Government in the position of ownership without imposing on it the cares of operation.

It would be an interesting experiment in the State ownership of railroads, and as an open doorway to a possible new era in the cure of crying railway evils. The experience of France, Germany, England, Russia and other foreign countries certainly affords practical argument in favor of State ownership of railroads, at least under certain limitations. There has always been a bitter opposition to the theory in the United States. But now that the opportunity occurs to test the theory in the natural logic of events it would seem very desirable to make the trial. The Government would be in the way of getting its own again, the other railway interests of the country would be adequately and justly met, and it would be a valuable tentative movement in railway development.

DE LOME'S
AMUSING
VAGARY.

The Spanish Minister is a man of diplomatic culture and charming personality, but his absolute blindness to national characteristics and his frank expression of that ignorance are typical of his people. To see ourselves as others see us is a gift only scantily vouchsafed to any individual or people. But to see ourselves as no others can possibly see us, either in the light of present conditions or of historical perspective, is a trait peculiarly Spanish. Señor De Lome, in his gloss on the text of the so-called Cuban reforms offered by Canovas and the Cortes, airily asserts that the right of office holding is given to Spaniards who have lived in Cuba for two years because they will have become in that time identified with the interests of the island.

The colonial policy of Spain, like that of France, has been from the first that of the tyrannical stepmother, only in Spain that policy has not only been tyrannical, but harsh, cruel and rapacious to an extreme degree, complicated alike by religious intolerance and political corruption. Her colonies have been regarded absolutely as a field for that harvest of rapine which is misnamed taxation, and for all schemes of private robbery by officials which could be effected under the mask of law. This has been the record in every Spanish colony in the Old World or the New. This has unshaken the sword which has smitten that colonial dominion, once so magnificent, to the dust.

Can Minister De Lome be so arrogantly superior to history as to suppose that any sagacious Cuban would be willing to intrust any genuine reform to be administered by Spaniards of much more than two years' residence even? Does he not know that the Spaniards in Cuba have never shown one glint of love for the beautiful island? That they have always been the docile and superserviceable instruments of home exaction, and that they have even out-Heroded Herod in their exhibitions of contempt and callousness toward the true islanders?

If the proposed reforms had much greater worth and

substance than can be now found in them, it would suffice to make them objects of suspicion as long as their administration is intrusted in any degree to Spanish aliens.

THE
SUGAR TRUST
REVELATIONS.

Many interesting but no new facts have been elucidated by the legislative inquiry into the so-called Sugar Trust. It has long been known, for example, that the profits of the American Sugar Refining Company generally exceed \$20,000,000 annually; that its dividends average 12 per cent; that its capital stock is mostly "water," and that it absolutely controls the sugar trade of the United States. Some facts no less interesting, but not more novel, have not been brought out, such as that the Trust debauched the Senate and obtained insertion of what it wanted in the Wilson bill; that it has dominated the courts whenever that was necessary; that it has ruined many thousands of people, and that the Havemeyers, Searies and Parsons have juggled the stock on the Exchange to their enormous enrichment.

Only one fact having an appearance of novelty has been elicited by the investigation. That is, as the Trust's advocates put it, that before the formation of the Trust the entire sugar business of the country was in the hands of fewer than one hundred men, whereas to-day more than 9,000 persons are interested as owners. The deduction the Trust's friends make from this is that this Trust, at any rate, has not concentrated in the hands of a few the necessities of life and made unjust profits from the people.

But that this deduction is dishonest and misleading may be seen upon consideration. Though it may be true that 9,000 persons own shares in the American Sugar Refining Company, only a half dozen of them have any voice in its management. The Trust is managed by these half dozen men, who are, to all intents and purposes, one man—Harry O. Havemeyer. As the representative of the 9,000 stockholders, he exercises a monopoly of the supply and distribution of sugar in this country. On the other hand, the 100 persons who formerly controlled the sugar trade were stockholders in fifteen distinct corporations, and these corporations were competitors with one another. It is the number of competitors that is important, not the number of persons; and while formerly there were fifteen competitors, there is now no competition at all worth mentioning. The sugar consumed by 65,000,000 persons every day is furnished by one corporation, which exacts so high a price for its product that it makes more than \$20,000,000 a year on an actual invested capital less than that sum.

DISHONESTY
IN THE OLD
JOURNALISM.

The desperate devotees of the old journalism are at perfect liberty to snarl at the Journal whenever they think a little snarling would relieve their feelings. But they are not at liberty to lie about the Journal.

Yesterday morning the Tribune published an editorial entitled "Blackmailing," which, though it purported to be an enunciation of solemn truths, had quite another purpose—a concealed one. This purpose was to give the impression that Blackmaller Russell was employed by the Journal. Not satisfied with assertion by indirection, the Tribune made this direct statement:

In the case of Mr. Jenks the operator had already initiated his programme and opened his approaches by a preliminary article in the newspaper whose columns he pretended to control, an article ingeniously contrived to convey the suggestion of a more rank and offensive sequel.

The facts, which the Tribune knew, are that Russell did not "initiate his programme and open his approaches by a preliminary article" in the Journal; that he never had any article whatever in the Journal; that he was unknown in the Journal office; that the article meant by the Tribune had no bearing whatever on his "programme," and that it was not "contrived to convey the suggestion" of any sequel at all.

Such being the case, what is the title the Tribune has earned?

PAYN
IN A NEW
ROLE.

Insurance Superintendent Payn is losing no time in getting down to business. With all his blushing honors new upon him—blushing, it may be supposed, because of the association, and not with pride—old "Stench-in-the-nose" has sent word forth to the four corners of the earth that he purposes to see what is wrong with the insurance companies. This exploration will, of course, involve the necessity of going into the records and over the books, which is a painful necessity to the companies and one they would escape, if escape were possible. No well-regulated insurance company cares to expose its inward to the view of its business rivals, much less to the officers of the law. But Payn is stern and relentless, and there is only one possible way to head him off, a way almost equally painful with the alternative, for he is none of your cheap inquisitors, but a way that must perforce be taken. Altogether, it looks black for these benevolent societies, and it is greatly to be feared that they will feel rather thinner and paler next settling day than they have felt these many years.

But the law of compensation, by which he lives, still holds good with Payn; and as the financial girth of the insurance companies diminishes, his will increase in exact ratio. If he has been stung by the allegation that he is a bankrupt, and has solemnly resolved that hereafter no man shall be able to make that charge against him, there is an excellent prospect that the resolution will be carried out.

There are some people who are unable to understand why Senator Hill opposed the confirmation of Hornblower and Peckham and urges the confirmation of Democrats who bolted the nomination of Bryan. The solution is quite easy. Hornblower and Peckham bolted the nomination of Hill.

From Kentucky comes the announcement that Mr. Boyle will not go into the Cabinet. It is difficult to understand what Mr. McKinley would want with a Boyle in his Cabinet as long as he has the Sherman-Alger running sore.

The poor of St. Louis have been experimenting with horse meat and are finding it a great improvement on nothing. This is in the nature of a horse on the good times that were to follow McKinley's election.

The suggestion that Hon. William D. Bynum should be paid for the time he has spent in waiting for the Federal job finally secured is the most vicious lunge that has been made at the Treasury since the Fifty-first Congress adjourned.

By reducing the number of pension agencies throughout the country, Mr. Cleveland also reduces Mark Hanna's ability to discharge the obligations contracted during the campaign.

The depopulation of Canton, Ohio, will begin in a few days. After March 4 the greater portion of this Ohio town expects to find itself snugly housed in Federal Jobs.

Governor Bushnell has evidently made up his mind to make a contribution to the visible supply of Joussees in the United States Senate.

Mr. Alger's war record shows that he will make a very peaceable Secretary of War.

"Cuba's Vow" at
the Star Theatre.

Oh, Cuba, Cuba, please be free. Let it be as soon as possible. Horrors of which your fervid imagination can get no notion are threatening you. The melodrama fiends are tearing you limb from limb. The frightful adventures and the ghastly villain are toying with your misfortunes, for the sake of Swipesey and Pete. Just eleven months ago "The Last Stroke" tolled your first indignity. And now a second and far more deafening peal is ringing. "Cuba's Vow" is at the Star Theatre, shrieking a frenzied shriek to the very sky. Politics are not my strong point. I cannot dabble in them. But at last a wild, tumultuous yearning for Cuba's freedom has possessed me. Hurry up, Cuba, hurry up. Let us chant your freedom, and be ourselves free.

A hideous migraine rattles my nerves as I write. I hear pistols firing, fat ladies shouting, little gallery boys whistling their hearts out. I am not quite sure whether I am writing this with my feet, or while standing on my head. The cry of "Cuba's Vow" goes straight to my ears. Bang! Bang! Boom! Be quiet, my nerves. Seriously, "Cuba's Vow," at the Star Theatre is a wonder. It is the cream of dramatized noise; the acme of stage bedlam; the very insanity of cheap and tawdry sentiment dished up for the exclusive delectation of the gallery. It is warranted to damage the finest set of nerves in existence; to set on edge the most perfect mouth of store teeth ever manufactured. It is a melodrama, compared with which you can picture a lunatic asylum as a delightfully sequestered nook, far from the chestnut but maddening crowd. It is a play that makes a classic of "New York," at the American Theatre, and fills you with wonder at the sublime literary merit of the Wheeler-Litton effort. It is a license for Swipesey and Pete to exercise their lungs gymnastically. It is a howl of the most conventional blood and thunder, dipped in poor Cuba's misery, and flung in the topical atmosphere of New York until even the olfactory nerves cry for mercy. All this is "Cuba's Vow"—and more. It is quite impossible to imagine what will happen if Cuba doesn't put herself out of her misery.

Love, hate, revenge and murr-r-r-r crowd themselves into "Cuba's Vow" until they are so hopelessly mixed that you are unable to distinguish between the hero, the heroine, the villain, the villainess and the funny man. Swipesey laughed at them all till his little sides ached, and then he amused himself by screaming. At several moments I was afraid I should receive poor Swipesey on my new derby hat. He pushed himself so perilously close to the gallery rails in order to hear Cuba's vow that destruction seemed imminent. I sat in agony, awaiting his advent every time a pistol went off—and as a pistol went off about every other minute you can imagine that I didn't enjoy myself.

The motive of the melodrama is the wholesale butchery of a lovely Cuban family by Spanish brutes. But the brutes left so many unfortunate people to wander through the melodrama that you would have sympathized more keenly with the bereaved heroine if the massacre had been more wholesale. One very pretty little child in a pink dress was shot. She slightly marred the effect by dying about two seconds before the pistol was fired, and trembling, after she was dead, when she heard the further tumult. I felt genuinely sorry for that poor little kid, and the society that is so kind to children (the children who don't need its kindness) might look after those juvenile nerves with advantage. Miss Cuba Varona, the heroine, after the slaughter of her family—vows vengeance, and the subsequent acts set it forth.

The leading villainess—the funniest creature, barring none, I have ever seen on the stage—is Donna Dolores Vasquez, the "Tigress of Andalusia." Why that noble beast, the tigress, should be labelled by such a comparison, is more than I can tell. The whole management at Central Park could recover damages if it sued the Star Theatre. The Andalusian lady loves poor Cuba's avow, although she has a husband of her own. The husband arrives on the scene while she is doing the strenuous act for brave Perceval Grant's benefit. "You puppy!" cries this husband. Then he turns to the Andalusian tigress and hisses: "I ass-s-s-stop my authority as a husband-and, s-s-stop your billing and cooing."

"I have never loved you," shrieks the tigress, turning upon him and gnashing her real teeth.

"Ah," he gasps, in horror. "And for this detestable creature I have gained the name of butcher. The blush of shame—blush to me cheek, and I have the desire to kill."

So have they all. And they do it. They kill from 8 o'clock until 11 without interruption. They kill until there is nobody left in the fine, healthy cast of actors and actresses. There never was more dramatic carnage in a metropolitan theatre.

The agony, however, lightens occasionally, while Swipesey eats his peaches. "I am a Spaniard," remarks Don Something-or-Other.

"Your actions prove it," taunts the funny man. "You look it. You needn't tell us. (Loud applause.)"

"You can't kill me," persists poor Don Something-or-Other.

"Why not?" cackles the funny man. "You are not the only shirt in the laundry. You can be done up." (Deafening applause.) Never has Spain had a more odious time than she enjoys at the Star Theatre. Everything Spanish is hoisted. Poor Otero would be torn to pieces if she ventured within a mile of "Cuba's Vow." I felt like a villain myself because I had enjoyed a Spanish omelette before I went to the cast is A. Del Tiron, one of the proprietors of the show. He plays the part of a mute. Ne'er a word is permitted to utter, and the contrast with the others is so cheering that Mr. Del Tiron appeals to you as an oasis in the desert; positively the oddest pebble on the sandiest beach.

Miss Etelka Wardell is the Andalusian tigress, and she is very amusing. Her principal occupation is punning her embon point as a means of expressing tragedy. Nothing like her work has been seen since late in this life. Her husband, "Cuba's Vow" gets a professional matinee. I advise all the employed and unemployed actresses to drop in and see Etelka in her tigerskin. I am sorry that Sarah is out of town, but it can't be helped. Her slighted husband is played by a gentleman called "K. O. Otero," who looks as though he were perpetually surprised at himself—and well he might be. Harrington Reynolds, who weighs a great deal, is the hero, and, considering his abdominal significance, he does marvelously well. Miss Adelaide Cushman is the only actress at the Star who remembers that there are other portions of a theatre than the gallery.

I wonder if Cuba realizes what is going on in this city. Surely I fear not. Her wrongs are grave enough, goodness knows. Why jump on an unfortunate country with all the melodramatic feet? It is absolutely cowardly.

ALAN DALE.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music.....Straight from the Heart	Koster & Bial's.....Vandeville
American Theatre.....New York	Kulkebecker Theatre.....A Pair of Spectacles
Bijou.....Coward and Court	Lyceum Theatre.....The First Gentleman of Europe
Broadway Theatre.....Shamus O'Brien	Metropolitan Opera House.....Grand Opera
Columbus Theatre.....In Old Kentucky	Murray Hill.....The Span of Life
Casino.....An American Beauty	Olympia-Music Hall.....Vandeville
Daily.....The Magistrate	Winter Garden, Bui Chappere, 11 P. M.
Eden Theatre.....Under the Red Robe	People's Theatre.....The Span of Life
Eden Music.....World in Wax	People's Theatre.....The Span of Life
Fifth Avenue.....Dr. Claudius	Plaza Palace-Music Hall.....1399 P. M.: 7 P. M.
Grand Opera House.....Hugon's Alloy	Prairie Palace-Music Hall.....1399 P. M.: 7 P. M.
Garrett Theatre.....Street Service	Prairie Palace-Music Hall.....1399 P. M.: 7 P. M.
Garden Theatre.....Huntsman	Prairie Palace-Music Hall.....1399 P. M.: 7 P. M.
Grand Central Palace.....Circus Show	Prairie Palace-Music Hall.....1399 P. M.: 7 P. M.
Hayes Theatre.....A Convicted Woman	Prairie Palace-Music Hall.....1399 P. M.: 7 P. M.
Herold Square.....The Girl from Paris	Prairie Palace-Music Hall.....1399 P. M.: 7 P. M.
Herold Opera House.....A Fool of Fortune	Prairie Palace-Music Hall.....1399 P. M.: 7 P. M.
Herald 14th St. Museum.....Vandeville	Prairie Palace-Music Hall.....1399 P. M.: 7 P. M.
Kath's.....Continued Performances	Prairie Palace-Music Hall.....1399 P. M.: 7 P. M.

THE WEATHER—Fair, followed by cloudy with stationary temperature.

Richard W. Parker, M. C.,
One of Our House Heavyweights.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—This impressive appearing person is Mr. Parker, of New Jersey. There is a dishevelled, almost a troubled look on his face. What is Mr. Parker's grief? Tom Reed won't recognize him. All day long Mr. Parker stands at his desk and tries to catch the Speaker's eye. But Reed's eye is too elusive for Mr. Parker. Reed looks over and under and to the right and left of Mr. Parker, but never at him. In this way Reed skillfully prevents a speech by Mr. Parker. This gives relief to Mr. Parker. It also calms his constituents to ask, "Why doesn't Dick make himself heard?" It is this dumb refusal of Reed to recognize and treat Mr. Parker fairly that paints the expression of manifold pain on Mr. Parker's countenance. It is also the reason why his head shows in the picture so much larger than Mr. Parker's hat. Mr. Parker's head is swollen with indignation. It is a black wrong on Reed's part, this refusal to unlock Mr. Parker in a speech. Many of his people have thereby lost track of him. Last election Mr. Parker was scheduled for a speech in one of the far corners of his district. One of Mr. Parker's relatives is a resident of this far corner. He is Mr. Parker's uncle and one of the best informed old gentlemen in the whole State of New Jersey. Mr. Parker on the occasion of the speech notified his uncle that he would dine with him. Mr. Parker had not met his old uncle for several years, and this opportunity to thus visit and dine with him was extremely grateful to Mr. Parker.



The old gentleman had just urged his fork to the hilt in the bosom of a yellow-legged chicken, preparatory to lavishing it on Mr. Parker, when he broke forth in a conversational way:

"By the way, Dick," quoth the old gentleman, at the same time dumping the saffron shanked pullet on to Mr. Parker's plate, "What in blazes have you been for the last two years?"

"Why! I've been in Washington, uncle," replied Mr. Parker; and his air betrayed injury and surprise.

"What in the nation have you been doin' in Washin'ton?" persisted the old gentleman, as he searched forth a second chicken for himself and began to lay it waste.

"You amaze me, uncle," said Mr. Parker. "I was in Washington as the representative from this district. I'm your Congressman, uncle."

"Well, that does beat thunder amazin'!" replied the old gentleman, laying down knife and fork. "I s'pose, Dick, to think of me askin' them questions about what you be, an' you right thar in Congress all the time! It mortifies me to death! But dog me if I knowed it! I hadn't seen you for two or three years, and I heard how you'd gone over to York State to visit your Uncle Tom; an', never hearin' of you nor seein' of you, I sorter allowed mebbe you'd stayed."

Mr. Parker affirms that the darkness of his uncle touching his destinies is due wholly to the oppressive refusal of Reed to permit him to be heard.

It is due to Mr. Parker to say that, aside from being a Congressman, he is a lawyer. Mr. Parker insists that he is a good lawyer. The neighbors, when pressed on this point, declined to be interviewed. Mr. Parker was born in 1848, and in an educational way is a product of Princeton, where he was refused on the football team for failing to pass his examination for bail.

A MOMENT WITH THE CHAPPIES.

ANOTHER day and it will be after the ball.

Then, I imagine, we shall know very much more of the great Bradley Martin function of 1897 than we know now.

And when all the secrets are out the most of us will be astonished, especially at the cost of the Waldorf end of the entertainment.

If the figures of the contract of which I have heard are correct, Dr. Hainford and Uncle Russell Sage will probably be willing to revise their criticisms of the "ostentatious display of wealth" by the Bradley Martins.

What has come over the spirit of the doctors of the Hon. Chauncey Mitchell Depew?

It has been accepted hitherto as a condition and not a theory that Dr. Depew was always more than willing to expose the innermost chambers of his mind to his dear friends the reporters.

But yesterday, when these intimates of the Doctor called to ascertain the names of his dinner guests last night, they were both amazed and shocked at being told that no information would be furnished the press.

Was lost his mit Chauncey?

Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden entertained the Colonial Dames of America yesterday afternoon, and Mrs. Isaiah Townsend Burden entertained the Original Society of Colonial Dames last night.

It is to be hoped that the deadly animosities of the "Dames" have not extended to the Burdens.

After the Bradley Martin ball, the Arion! And most of the real up-to-date, five-decade chappies will attend both.

But it must not be thought for a moment that the fancy dress of the Bradley Martin function will do service also at the Arion, as has been jealously talked of about town.

Yet almost pure chappie would never think of going to the Arion except in austere evening dress.

With the French Cooks' ball last night, the Bradley Martin to-night and the Arion to-morrow night, the town has a three-ball arrangement that suggests the pawnbroker, and will probably send somebody to the mount de pieté.

The illness of Mme. Emma Eames, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will be received by society with genuine sorrow.

She and her husband, Julian Starr, are great favorites with the musical set of the Four Hundred and are prized for qualities aside from their artistic acquisitions.

ALAN DALE.

Caught in the
Metropolitan Whirl.

As the day set for the Bradley Martin ball is at hand the interest in that great spectacular becomes more and more frenzied. Indeed, not since the memorable Prince of Wales ball has any social affair awakened the popular interest to any such like the degree that this one has. The Vanderbilt fancy dress ball of fifteen years ago was much talked of, it is true, but very few boarding houses were rent asunder by discussions of its various social and philanthropic phases. This year innumerable cases of dementia have occurred in those boarding houses which are inhabited by the women who behold great social gatherings from the opposite sidewalk, and not a meal passes without heated arguments between the rival sages as to the benefits that will be derived from it by the poorer classes and side-splitting remarks by the funniness of the man concerning the garb which he intends to assume. The well informed boarder, who is supposed for some reason or other to have some shadowy affiliation with the Four Hundred, has had his feelings, too, and has fairly revelled in the opportunities afforded him to open the game every night with the "rumors" of what is going to happen.

The latest of these rumors has caused a sudden pestilence of acute melancholia, and is to the effect that on the great night no pedestrians whatever will be allowed on Third-third street from Sixth to Madison avenue, or on Fifth avenue between Thirty-second and Thirty-fourth streets. From the same reliable source it is learned that Mrs. Bradley Martin will make the tour of the ballroom six times for the purpose of examining all the guests and casting intruders into outer darkness. In more than one boarding house it is studiously maintained that a corps of Central Office men attired in court costumes of the Louis XIV. period will roam the premises, keeping watch and ward for pickpockets and other crooks. The aggregate cost of the costumes, the combined wealth of the millionaires who will all them, the number of servants who will be in waiting, and the value of the jewels that will flash in the different quadrilles continue to be subjects of stirring interest at all boarding house tables.

The fact is that a great many questions are seriously agitating the expectant guests. For example, the line of earriages will be so enormously long as to occasion serious delay at about the busy hour of eleven, and a great many people have signified their intention of going very early, not only in order to avoid the crush, but for the chance to see the guests as they enter. It is not improbable that there will be a good deal of quiet "guying" and laughter at the expense of some of the swells who are compelled to put on costumes for which nature never intended them. And there is one costume in New York—a man who has clothed innumerable opera and farce comedy companies—who declares that never in all his experience has he witnessed such appalling spectacles as those presented by certain millionaires when clad in the doublet and hose of bygone days. More than one young man has confessed the scheme of making a room at the Waldorf for dressing purposes, but, as that part of the hotel that has been leased to Mrs. Bradley Martin will be carefully boarded from the rest, it will become necessary for the guest who adopts this plan to cross the great Waldorf lobby and then make the trip through the street, clad in a waterproof, perhaps, but, nevertheless, exciting prolonged howls of derision. As for Mrs. Martin making a personal inspection of her guests, the idea simply awakens the ridicule of the well informed, because it is probable that fully one-quarter of those who will accept her hospitality are personally unknown to her, as her list includes innumerable debutantes and new arrivals in society from California, the dry goods counters and elsewhere. It is probable that the ball will give rise to innumerable new men, and that the scheme of making a room at the Waldorf for dressing purposes, but, as that part of the hotel that has been leased to Mrs. Bradley Martin will be carefully boarded from the rest, it will become necessary for the guest who adopts this plan to cross the great Waldorf lobby and then make the trip through the street, clad in a waterproof, perhaps, but, nevertheless, exciting prolonged howls of derision. As for Mrs. Martin making a personal inspection of her guests, the idea simply awakens the ridicule of the well informed, because it is probable that fully one-quarter of those who will accept her hospitality are personally unknown to her, as her list includes innumerable debutantes and new arrivals in society from California, the dry goods counters and elsewhere. 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